From the American Annals of Education.

YOUTH WITHOUT CHILDHOOD.
CASPAR HAUSER.

An account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to the age of seventeen. Drawn up from legal documents, by Anslem Von Feuerback, President of one of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, &c. Translated from the German. Second edition. Boston; Allen and Ticknor, 1833. 18mo. pp. 168.

In passing through Germany, in the year 1829, we heard of an extraordinary being who had just 'come into the world,' as he subsequently expressed it, at the age of seventeen—a youth in form, and yet as ignorant of language, and of the use of his limbs, and even of the most common external objects, as the infant of a few months. He was observed on the evening of the 26th of May, 1828, near one of the gates of Nuremberg, in the posture of one intoxicated, who was equally unable to stand or to move. A letter which he held out, addressed to the Captain of a squadron of cavalry, gave no information except that he was born in 1812, and had never been suffered to leave the house, and that all inquiries concerning his origin and residence would be in vain. In reply to all the questions addressed to him by individuals and the police, he uttered a few unmeaning words and pointed with marks of exhaustion, to his blistered feet. Meat, which was offered to restore him, he rejected with visible horror; but eagerly swallowed some bread and water; and on being conducted to the stable, stretched himself upon the straw and fell into a sleep so profound, that he could scarcely be awakened.—His feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; his gait was that of a child just beginning to step; and it was only with intense suffering that he could walk. His senses seemed to be locked up in torpor; and a wooden horse, brought to him by a soldier, in consequence of his frequent repetition of the German word for horse, 'ross! ross!' was the first and only object which seemed to excite interest. He seated himself by it, 'with a countenance smiling sweetly through his tears,' and passed hours and days, in moving and feeding, and ornamenting it, as if it were the only being which called forth his social feelings.

It will be easily believed that such an appearance would excite intense curiosity. It was a case which set at defiance all the formal interrogations and arrangements of a German government, and it was difficult to decide whether he belonged to the asylum for idiocy, or the almshouse, or to the police office and the prison. After vain efforts to elicit something from him as to his residence or connections, to which he replied only in the same piteous moans and unintelligible phrases, he was committed to a tower over one of the gates under the care of a humane jailor, and appears to have enjoyed all the comforts of which his case admitted. Common sense soon relaxed the severity of the law, and he was received into the family of the jailor, as a deserted, helpless child, and under the instruction of his children, 'began to learn to talk.'

He was visited by crowds, who taxed their ingenuity in examining the poor youth, and wearied him almost to torture, by their inquisitorial efforts to discover something. But they could only ascertain that he was an infant of adult age; in the expressive language of a London Reviewer, an example of 'youth without childhood.' He attempted, like an infant, to seize every glittering object which [illegible] him, he tried to grasp the beautiful flame. In the midst of this seeming infancy, however, his guardians were astonished, on putting a pencil into his hand, to find that he could form letters distinctly. He filled a sheet with elementary characters and syllables, and closed by covering a page with the name—'Kaspar Hauser.'

This discovery of his name, usually so important in the records of a police office, furnished no clue to the mystery which enveloped this singular being. Destitute of the conception, as well as the names of the most common objects, and averse to all the common customs and conveniences and necessaries of life, there seemed no alternative, in the language of his biographer, but to regard him as the inhabitant of some distant planet, or as one buried from his birth, and now just emerged into the world. Imagination was tortured to devise some mode of accounting for his character and appearance. Some dreamed of an experiment made by modern theorists, to ascertain the state of a mind, left to advance to maturity in utter ignorance of the world, and thus realizing the fancy picture of a German story. Others supposed him the heir of some estate or diadem, of which he was unlawfully deprived. Others still conjectured, that this difficult and dangerous plan of burying alive, had been adopted to conceal the crimes attending his birth.

Such were the conjectures floating on the public mind in reference to this singular being, when we left Germany, unable to vary our route so far as to visit Nuermberg. It was not until subsequent education had enabled Caspar to clothe his own ideas in words, that any light was thrown upon his early history; and the following account, derived from the work whose title is at the head of his article, comprises all his recollections of childhood and youth:

'He neither knows who he is, nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremburg that he came into the world. Here he first learnt that, besides himself and 'the man with whom he had always been,' there existed other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect, he has always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage) where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and a pair of breeches. In this apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight at the beautiful lights in the heavens. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste;* whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep; and when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his victuals and drink. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and several ribbons. With these horses he had always amused himself as long as he was awake; and his only occupation was to make them run by his side, and to fix or tie the ribbons about them in different positions. Thus, one day had passed as the other; but he never felt the want of any thing, had never been sick, and once only excepted—had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation he knew not; for he had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place. The man with whom he had always been never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly before he was taken away—when he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise, the man came and struck him upon the arm with a stick or a piece of wood; this caused the wound which he brought with him to Nuremberg.

'Pretty nearly about the same time, the man once came into his prison, placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it, which he now knows to have been paper; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backwards and forwards on the paper, with a thing, (a lead pencil) which he had stuck between his fingers. He (Hauser) was then ignorant of what it was; but he was mightily pleased when he saw the black figures which began to appear upon the white paper. When he felt that his hand was free, and the man was gone from him, he was so much pleased with this new discovery, that he could never grow tired of drawing these figures repeatedly upon the paper. This occupation almost made him neglect his horses, although he did not know what those characters signified. The man repeated his visits in the same manner several times.'

'Another time, the man came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, placed him on his feet, and endeavored to teach him to stand.'

At his final appearance the man took him over his shoulders, carried him, as he expressed it, up a hill, and brought him to Nuremberg. His recollections of his journey are very indistinct, and the fact that he sinks into a death-like sleep when he rides in a wagon, leaves it entirely uncertain in what way he was conveyed. After many ineffectual examinations, often leading to error, nothing remained but to provide the best means for alleviating his misfortunes, and supplying, in some degree, the loss of his years in childhood and youth, with the faint hope, that time might enable him to furnish a clue to his origin. †

The state of nervous excitement and disease, produced by the multitude of new objects and ideas that crowded upon him, emerging thus suddenly from darkness and solitude, led the police to exclude all visitors, and place Caspar in the family of Professor Daumer of the Nuremberg gymnasium, to receive such an education as he needed.

In the course of a year he was so far advanced in the knowledge of language as to commence a memoir of himself. An attempt by some unknown person to take his life, excited, perhaps, by the apprehension of discovery, appears to have been the only interruption to the course of training by which we are told he came to be "reckoned among civ- course, many of the artificial wants and fashions which added neither to his happiness or worth. The narrative before us presents a variety of interesting details and anecdotes, concerning the childlike simplicity and amiable character of this youth, his singular views of life, and his peculiar propensities and habits, which well deserves perusal. Our limits only allow us to glance at a few of the most prominent points of the description, and the principles which they illustrate.

The darkness and seclusion in which Caspar had been kept, produced extreme sensibility to every external impression. After he recovered from that torpor caused by his entering the world, his senses were acute to a degree which was painful. Every object conveyed odors to him, which were, in a great measure, imperceptible to others, and some would produce shivering, and nausea, and fever. The touch of animals, or of metals, thrilled through his frame, and often produced unequivocal symptoms of pain and disease. His hearing and sight were also uncommonly acute; and several remarkable instances are given, in which he proved that he could discover objects and colors, as readily by night as by day. He observed with attention and accuracy; and his recollection of persons and names, at an early period, was surprising. Colors were pleasing to him in proportion to their brilliancy; and he thought an apple tree would have been more beautiful if its leaves had been red, as well as its fruit!

The great principle was established in his case, as with infants, that forms and distances are not distinguished until the touch has corrected the errors of vision. He stated after he had acquired the use of language, that in the beginning, the men and horses represented in sheets of pictures, appeared to him precisely like the men and horses that were carved in wood! He did not perceive the difference, until he had learned it by handling them. Another striking illustration of this principle is described. In this case he called a beautiful summer landscape which was seen from his room,—"ugly! ugly!" because, as he afterwards said, it appeared to him like a collection of spots of various colors on the window. Two or three years of instruction corrected these errors, and reduced his sensibility, on many points, to the common level; but he continued able to see distinctly at nights.

His extraordinary memory declined with this acuteness of the senses, at the same time that his frame enlarged; and both were singularly coincident with a change in his diet. Caspar observed, in regard to his hearing, that 'its acuteness had been considerably diminished since he had begun to eat meat.' Professor Daumer, in his notes, observes—'after he had learned regularly to eat meat his mental activity was diminished, his eyes lost their brilliancy and expression, and his vivid propensity to constant activity was diminished. The intense application of his mind gave way to absence, and indifference; and the quickness of his apprehension was also considerably diminished.' It is questioned by the author, whether it was the result of his food, or of the previous excitement. He now exhibits nothing of genius or remarkable talent, no fancy or wit, but sound common sense, and persevering application.

His disposition was uncommonly mild and amiable, and his habits of obedience, produced as he said by early commands and punishment, were remarkable. He was equally remarkable for never yielding his preconceived notions to the authority, or even the testimony of others. He would not even believe the account given of snow, and of the growth of plants and animals, until he saw and felt it.

The same disposition to scepticism appeared in his reluctance to believe in the existence of his own, or any other spirit. Indeed, he did not seem for a long time aware of the difference between animate and inanimate objects, supposing all motion to be voluntary, and believing all matter capable of it.

His case furnishes some evidence on the long disputed question, whether man would naturally arrive at the idea of a Deity. Our intercourse with the deaf and dumb, and our inquiries of instructors at home and abroad, had long since shown us that the most talented and mature minds do not attain this idea unassisted. In the case of Caspar Hauser, his biographer observes, 'that he brought with him from his dungeon not the least presentiment of the existence of God, not a shadow of faith in any more elevated, invisible existence.' It was not until his faithful instructor led him to remark on the things whe he *heard and saw within himself*, that he could believe in any objects but those of the external senses. Two of the most intelligent deaf mutes we have ever known, were for months utterly incredulous of all that was said to them of an invisible being. But the example of Caspar Hauser, like that of the deaf mutes, also proves, that the idea of a Supreme cause commends itself to the reason and feelings of man, when his mind is cultivated. A touching incident which occurred in the course of his early education will illustrate this point, and must close our extracts from this interesting volume:

"His instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with the sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is, indeed, the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?' When he was told that, like the Sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again; 'Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light?' At length standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sunk trembling upon a chair, and asked, with a burst of tears, 'why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things.'"

The whole story is a striking exhibition of the value of childhood, as a part of life—of the necessity of simultaneous progress in body and in mind, in order to produce the man. It is an affecting illustration of that most criminal neglect, which leaves a human being to become in understanding and stature of a man, but in knowledge a child,—which allows him to acquire a power, most valuable or [illegible] without giving him the knowledge necessary to use it right, or inspiring the disposition to employ it for good purposes, if the view of the starry heavens could rouse this gentle youth to such reproaches of the man to whom on other occasions he expressed affection.—Oh! what will be the language of those benighted beings whom the neglect or oppression of civilized and christian men, has shut up in intellectual darkness, when they see the glories of that world which lies beyond the firmament!

* Probably water mixed with opium.

† In recent newspapers, we find the following paragraph.

"*Caspar Hauser.*—The mystery which hung about the origin and early life of this extraordinary young man, is said to be in a way of explanation. It seems, according to an account which we find in an English periodical, that Caspar Hauser was the fruit of an illicit amour; that a priest, the reputed father, took charge of the child from the moment of its birth, and finally inclosed it in a subterraneous hole or vault, in a convent where he was residing; that thus imprisoned and shut out from all human intercourse, the unhappy being passed his existence until within a day or two of his being found, as related in the history of his life which has been published, when the priest being compelled to quit the convent, and having no other place of concealment at hand, released and left the boy to his fate. The chain of circumstantial evidence, by which thus much of the story has been made out, is so well put together, as to leave little doubt that the true elucidation has been hit upon. The above outline has been communicated in conversation, by M. Kluber, the celebrated writer on Public Law, who first discovered and is still following the clue. When he has thoroughly sifted the matter, it is expected that he will favor the public with a memoir on the subject."

From the Boston Courier, March 23.

Extensive Robbery at the Post Office.—It appears that some ten or twelve days ago, Mr. Clark, of the firm of S. & M. Allen & Co. brokers of this city, gave notice to the Postmaster, Nathaniel Greene, Esq. that a letter mailed at New-Orleans, containing eight one thousand dollar bills, on the Branch bank of the United States, was missing. On inquiry at the bank it appeared that one of the bills had been presented and exchanged for small bills. Nothing more was said of the transaction here, in hopes that the thief would be detected, but in other places the package was advertised, and Messrs. Allen & Co. sent circulars, offering a reward for the recovery of the property, to different countries, and all the city banks. On Saturday last a one thousand dollar bill was presented to Mr. Wiley, the teller at the Branch bank for exchange, and as he had some doubt respecting the bill, he asked the boy to wait, while he went to Messrs. Allen & Co's. office to ascertain if it belonged to the stolen package; in the mean time the boy escaped.

On Monday (yesterday) Mr. Green, the Postmaster, having obtained a partial description of the boy, inquired at all the printing offices, considering it as almost certain that if the letter was stolen from his Post-office, it must have been by a boy belonging to some of the daily paper offices, who have access to the Post-office at all hours of the night, or by one of his night clerks. The description of the boy answered so well to a boy employed at night, occasionally, to carry papers from this office, that he was sent, yesterday forenoon, with a five dollar bill to the bank, to get it changed for specie: instead, however, of following orders, he went to a broker, avoiding the bank: on this he was taken into a private room, and confronted with the teller of the bank, where he acknowledged that he did present the bill on Saturday, but stated that he was employed by a man whom he did not know, and who gave him fifty cents for his trouble. Subsequent conversation with the boy, led to the finding of the whole of the balance of the money, excepting fifteen dollars, which had been spent for a cloak for his mother. Six thousand dollars was found in the possession of a young man who is in no way implicated in the transaction, and nine hundred and eighty-five dollars in the hands of the boy's mother, who retained it for the owner, supposing it to have been found by her son. The boy was examined partially last night before Judge Davis, and committed to the custody of the United States Marshall for this district.

Who are the owners of Bank Stock?—Extract from the Speech of Hon. C. Cushing.

Sir, in the face of this partizan denunciation of the property of the country, I undertake to say that if any fact in political science be susceptible of demonstration, the inseparable connection of capital and labor is that fact. Take the example of our banks, which are pure monied institutions. Who are chiefly interested in their welfare? Is it the rich? Is it, as we have heard so emphatically and confidently asserted here to-day, the rich capitalists?—'Do you employ the poor,' as it has been affirmed this morning? By no means. Never was there a wilder delusion. Desirous, some time ago, of understanding the precise fact, I had recourse, in the first place, to the books of the Merchants' Bank, Newburyport, to which I had right of access in capacity of director. Personally knowing every stockholder, his condition and pursuits, I went carefully over the dividend book of that bank, and I found that of its 6000 shares, 3922 belonged to women and public institutions, 1035 belonged to the mechanics, and only 1042 to any description of capitalists. Struck with this result I made a similar examination of the stock book of the Mechanics' Bank in the same town; and of the 2000 shares into which its capital is divided, 946 belong to women and public institutions, 593 to working mechanics, and only 461 to capitalists. Not content with this I pursued my inquiries to different banks in the city of Boston, and I found the general fact substantially the same, with this qualification, namely, that although in Banks newly got up, a larger proportion of the stock occasionally belonged to the capitalists, yet in a few years it all took the ordinary course of getting into the hands of women, public institutions and thrifty mechanics. I speak advisedly in this matter, on the strength of carefully prepared estimates of which I have a single example taken at mere hazard. Thus the stock book of the bank I have in mind, exhibits this result. Of 10,000 shares, 2854 are held by women, trustees and guardians; 2247 by public institutions: and only 1551 by capitalists, and the remaining 3380 by men of the industrious classes.

Bold Roguery.—An individual named Eben Center, formerly a merchant of Hallowell, was lately entrusted with about $4000, belonging to various persons in that town, to carry to Boston. He returned, with a story that he had been robbed of it; but it turned out that he had paid it over for his own benefit, at Boston, and that too, to save himself from the consequences of certain forgeries which he had committed in that city. Mr. Center has absconded.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Important from Washington.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, under the date of March, 19 writes:—"At length we may discern one faint glimmer of light in our political prospect. Mr. Calhoun has devised a new plan for a new National Bank on principles which wholly avoid the constitutional scruples of the southern representatives, and which will be generally acceptable. The plan has been submitted to a number of the Senators of different parties, and has been decidedly approved, particularly by those Senators who are opposed, on constitutional grounds, to the recharter of the present Bank, and who are at the same time averse to Gen. Jackson's experiment on the currency. It is also unequivocally approved, it is said, by Messrs. Grundy and White, who are friendly to the President. Mr. Clay has adopted the plan, and it will be brought forward, three or four weeks hence, under the joint auspices of Messrs. Clay and Calhoun. It is well known that it will pass the Senate by more than two thirds, and it is confidently believed that, before the session closes, it will be adopted, as a compromise, by two thirds of the House. The particulars of the plan have not transpired to the public. To this auspicious co-operation of hitherto hostile elements we owe the settlement of the Tariff question, and to this we may look, with some degree of hope for the adjustment of the more exciting question which now agitates us."

'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'

There are two classes in civil society, and in the religious world, who ought to ponder on the motto at the head of our article, which teaches that men ought, in due proportion, to regard their own interests and the interests of others. In civil society, there is a class of people who are ever thinking of public affairs, and talking of public affairs, and anxious to engage in public affairs, while they neglect their own private business. While they forsake their farms, or their shops, those in their employment waste much time for want of direction as to what they should do, and more time in unobserved idleness. But if they can only gain an office they feel satisfied, however insignificant it may be, or however involved may be their private affairs, in consequence of their inattention. And some of this class who are not office-seekers, but only enter into public matters from the love of excitement, which they call patriotism, neglect their own business to their ruin.

On the other hand, there is a class who congratulate themselves that they are not like the men we have just described. They never neglect their farms, or their shops, or any thing else of their own, for the sake of the public, or for the sake of individuals. They care nothing for the measures of government—they take no interest in public matters—they neglect all public duties—they avoid all public occasions. They are engrossed by their own individual concerns—they heed not literary or religious institutions—they attend few or none of the meetings necessary for carrying forward the business of towns, and societies, and school-districts. In short, they think only of their own matters—their own losses or gains—their own farms or merchandize. They are completely incased in *self*, and are at least as culpable as the former class, whose improvidence and inattention to money-making and money-saving they abhor.

Conn. Observer.

Extract of a letter dated Baltimore, March 24.

You will perceive by our papers of this morning, that the "Bank of Maryland" has failed, a circumstance as unsuspected in fact, as calamitous and heart-rending in its consequences—calamitous, for a great portion of our mercantile community had therein accounts—heart-rending, for many widows and orphans had placed their all in that institution. Never did our citizens experience a panic so powerful and shocking; it affects every interest, and reaches every class of our community, more especially those who cannot afford to lose. Our city is in the greatest consternation—early this morning, our streets in the neighborhood of the bank were crowded, nor did the crowd abate until after usual banking hours. All was anxiety and horror. The community retired on Sunday night, not even suspecting the security and validity of the bank, and many this morning awoke in a state of penury which beggars description. Like a strong man suddenly cut off in the enjoyment of health and strength, without a suspicion or perceptible symptom of decay, the Bank of Maryland has suddenly ceased to exist. A demand for specie has more or less been made upon all our banks, but more particularly upon the *Union Bank*. The run commenced as soon as the bank was opened, and continued through the day.

Mr. Taney is said to have been in town, and to have been seen in the Union Bank. No doubt but the people's money will be given to support her credit. The experiment of government will affect dangerously, if not vitally, the people.

HORRID MURDER.—We learn that Mr. Ariel Winchell, of Suffield, Con. was murdered on Monday evening last. The murderer is supposed to be the father, John Winchell.—The circumstances as far as we have learned them, are, that Ariel Winchell, being at work in a coal pit, about sunset, the report of a pistol was heard in the direction of the coal pit, and immediately following it, the cry of murder. Persons who were in the neighborhood, immediately went to the place and found the unfortunate man mortally wounded in the abdomen by a pistol shot. When going to the place they met the father, John Winchell, with a pistol in his hand, and on being charged with having shot his son, replied that he struck him first. The father and son, we understand, have been at variance for several years, and lately the quarrel has grown more violent, and the father has repeatedly threatened to kill his son.—*Springfield Gaz.*

Winchell was committed to jail in Hartford, on Wednesday last, charged with shooting his son on Monday, with an intent to kill. We are informed that the quarrel grew out of a conveyance of property formerly made out by the father to the son, to keep it from his creditors; and which the son has lately refused to reconvey to the father.—*Hartford Secretary.*

The question will be, and now is, fairly before the people, shall the President *alone* in the Government, or shall the Government be composed as the constitution has prescribed? Shall we have a government of the representatives of the people, or a government by King Andrew, King Martin, or King Amos?

U. S. Telegraph.

Mr. Leigh, in his maiden speech in the Senate, on the 12th inst. depicted, says the Star, the universal distress, that was forcing its way to the home of every industrious citizen, and robbing children of their bread, with such feeling, that there were but few dry eyes in the Senate chamber; and, continued he, not for all the glory derived by man, not for the accomplishment of every ambitious project that can be conceived, or for the wealth of the world, would I have such a load rest on my soul as does on that individual who is the author of this calamity; and, sir, the same person who would attribute the present distress to U. S. Bank, without charging it home on the Executive at removing the deposites, would have cried fire in the *general Deluge.*

Accident.—On Friday last, a son of Mr. Jeremiah Weston of Belchertown, was employed in sawing shingles, and in stooping down accidently brought his head in contact with the circular saw, which cut through the skull into the brain in an instant. He was living on Sunday, but was not expected to recover.

Postage.—The net amount of receipts for Postage, at the several post-offices of the Union, within the year ending on the 31st of March, 1833, according to the report of the Post Master General, lately submitted to Congress, and printed, was $1,701,332, viz: in

Maine,	$40,924	Georgia,	75,420
New Hampshire,	21,329	Florida Ter.	7,506
Vermont,	22,685	Ohio,	86,178
Massachusetts,	154,444	Indiana,	18,146
Rhode Island,	17,696	Illinois,	12,350
Connecticut,	43,941	Michigan Ter.	9,615
New York,	400,694	Missouri,	17,648
New Jersey,	39,365	Kentucky,	49,511
Pennsylvania,	229,305	Tennessee,	41,402
Delaware,	6,590	Arkansas Ter.	3,793
Maryland,	81,577	Mississippi,	22,430
District Columbia,	15,731	Alabama,	37,682
Virginia,	109,990	Louisiana,	47,748
North Carolina,	35,722		
South Carolina,	58,004	Total,	$1,701,332

Forgery.—Great excitement was created this morning, on 'Change, by a disclosure of facts in relation to forgeries committed by a Kilby street merchant, who has unlawfully used his *father's* name, on paper to an amount of $30,000, discounted at different Banks.—We do not feel authorized—and our regard for his venerable and highly respectable parent, one of our oldest merchants, as well as for his numerous family connexions—forbid us to mention his name in our paper at present, although it is generally known and publicly mentioned. He left town on Friday for New York, under pretence of purchasing goods, and having urgent business at the South.—*Bos. Trans.*